

*The history*

And comes not in ouerrulde by prophecies,  
I feare the power of Percy is too weake  
To wage an instant triall with the king.

*Sir M.* Why my good Lord, you need not feare,  
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy.  
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head  
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen,

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn  
The speciall head of all the land together,  
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt,  
And many mo coriuals and deare men  
Of estimation and command in armes.

*Sir M.* Doubt not my Lo: they shalbe wel oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no lesse, yet needfull tis to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighell speed:  
For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the king  
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
And tis but wisdom to make strong against him,  
Therefore make haste, I must go write againe  
To other friends, and so farewell sir Mighel. *Exeunt*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of  
Westmerland, sir Walter Blunt, Falstaffe.*

*King.* How bloudily the sunne begins to peare  
Aboue yon buiky hill, the day lookes pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prin.* The Southren winde  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaues  
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

*Kin.* Then with the loosers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

*The trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester*

*King.* How now my Lord of Worcester, tis not wel,  
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes

*of Henry the*

As now we meete. You haue dece  
And made vs doffe our easie roabe  
To crush our old limbs in vngentle  
This is not well my Lord, this is no  
What say you to it? will you again  
This churlish knot of all abhorred  
And moue in that obedient orbe a  
Where you did giue a faire and nat  
And be no more an exhalde meteo  
A prodigie of feare, and a portent  
Of broched mischiese to the ynb

*Worst.* Heare me my liege:

For mine own part I could be wel  
To entertaine the lag end of my li  
With quiet houres. For I protest  
I haue not sought the day of this d

*King.* You haue not sought it, he

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, an

*Prin.* Peace chewet, peace.

*Wor.* It pleasd your maiesty to tu  
Offauor from my selfe, and all our  
And yet I must remember you my  
We were the first and dearest of y  
For you my staffe of office did I br  
In Richards time, and posted day  
To meet you on the way, and kisse  
When yet you were in place, and i  
Nothing so strong and fortunate a  
It was my selfe, my brother and hi  
That brought you home, and bol  
The dangers of the time. You swe  
And you did sware that oath at D  
That you did nothing purpose g  
Nor clame no further then your n  
The feat of Gaunt, Duke dom of  
To this we swore our aide: but in  
It raine downe fortune showing  
And such a floud of greatnesse fell

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